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THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907.

Our New Tariff Policy.

The difficulties of tariff administration are again exemplified by the dissatisfaction of certain French exporting interests with the valuations placed on their goods by American customs appraisers. As we pointed out some days ago, the amount of protection afforded by a given tariff duty, and, we might also add, the amount of obstruction to foreign commerce imposed by it, depends largely on the valuation of the imports on which duties are collected. The whole difference between a prohibitive tariff and a protective or a revenue tariff may be a matter of invoices and valuations. This fact has been taken advantage of in the tariff negotiations with Germany, as a result of which that country has been granted concessions in the way of favorable valuations amounting to a reduction of duties. It could hardly have been expected that other nations would regard these tariff favors to Germany from an entirely disinterested point of view, and the protest of the French government is a perfectly natural sequel.

That the American government should grant such concessions to Germany and be willing to consider granting similar concessions to France indicates a marked change of front from the uncompromising position taken by Secretary Shaw when the same questions were before him. His policy was to collect the largest revenue possible by maintaining high valuations, and to protect American manufacturers to the fullest extent of the law. This policy has been very considerably modified in the case of German imports, and it seems possible that a corresponding modification may be made in our treatment of French imports. It is a most significant change of front, and we do not wonder that the standpatters stand aghast at it. The only consolation they are able to get out of it is that as long as foreign complaints of our tariff system can be pacified by administrative measures the tariff question will be kept out of Congress, and the form of the sacred Dingley bill preserved, however diminished in substance.

Spring is now sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of a complete failure.

Money-making and Money-makers.

That the accumulation of riches in the United States is not difficult when one only knows how and sets himself to the task, is again illustrated in the case of the late James H. Eckels. Ten years ago Mr. Eckels was Comptroller of the Currency in Washington without any other income than his modest salary. He had been called to the Cleveland administration from a small country town in Illinois, where he had a law practice that barely yielded him a comfortable living for himself and family. From his official position in Washington he went to the head of a trust company in Chicago, financed by some of the big money-makers of the Western metropolis. Mr. Eckels was a liberal spender. He was in no sense of the term a money-grubber. His gifts to charity were notably large in proportion to his income. He probably spent every year more than he saved. Yet it is announced that an inventory of his estate shows that it is worth at least $300,000. His wealth was accumulated honestly. Nobody could question that who knew Mr. Eckels. He did not grind the faces of the poor. He swindled no person by get-rich-quick schemes. But in ten years he accumulated an estate, in spite of his more than liberal expenditures, which two generations ago would have rated him among the rich men of the country. In these days the estate he left is not reckoned a fortune. Estates now have to inventory well into the millions to be classified as fortunes.

But many another man in this country who started at the same time as Mr. Eckels, and with as small an amount of the world's goods, has heaped up millions, and is continuing that process. Our millionaires have multiplied so fast within the past decade or so that we no longer point them out as "Napoleons of finance." Nearly every American citizen of considerable experience can count among his own personal acquaintances one or more who have amassed vast fortunes. So numerous are our new-made millionaires that we have come to accept their examples as indisputable evidence of an era of prosperity such as the country has never known before. Few of us, if any, can recall an acquaintance who in this period has gone from affluence to poverty. Whether our prosperity has been evenly distributed has no place in this discussion. It belongs to a category of questions with which the politicians and the economists can deal to their hearts' content.

We do not profess to know whether money-making is an art, a science, or a trick. Certain it is that in most cases it requires constant application. If one sets his mind to money-making one must forego most of the other pleasures of life, such as keeping up with the best in literature, in art, in science, in philosophy, religion, and the varied other forms of intellectual and moral enjoyment. It goes without saying, of course, that one who attunes his mind to the tinkle of gold must banish from his inclination all joys of the sybarite. These he can lure after his bank account is within hailing distance of his ambition, but until it reaches that point he must avoid, as he would the plague, every form of sybaritic indulgence. Whether, after all, the fierce game of money-making "pays" or not, we leave to the judgment of everybody who may have thought about it in this way. We have heard some very rich men regret that they were burdened with wealth. But Alexander wept when there were no more worlds to conquer, and was utterly miserable the remainder of his days upon this mundane sphere.

It is gratifying to know that the new governor of New Mexico is a Rough Rider. It would be distressing to think that there could be one of those gentlemen officeless and unprovided for.

Engineer Commissioner of District.

The personal regret universally felt on account of the retirement of Maj. John Biddle from the position of Engineer Commissioner of the District is tempered by the general satisfaction caused by the choice of his successor, Capt. Jay J. Morrow, now the Assistant Commissioner. It would be difficult to find among the junior officers of the army two more capable men. Maj. Biddle has served the District most acceptably. The five years or more of his Commissionership have covered a period of wonderful expansion and development here at the Capital, and thus he has been identified with many important projects. For a good portion of this time he and Capt. Morrow have worked hand in hand. The retention and promotion of the latter, therefore, naturally subserves the District's best material interests. The office—one of great responsibility, and calling for both executive and technical skill—does not pass from the hands of an experienced man to those of a novice. Capt. Morrow is thoroughly familiar with our affairs. He has shown marked capacity and efficiency. He is practical in the highest degree, a man of action, and the sort of official who can be depended upon always to render good service. His appointment is commendable and acceptable in every phase.

Maj. Biddle will take with him to the Pacific Coast the good will and well wishes of Washington people, who will likewise heartily accord both in fullest measure to his successor.

That enterprising gentleman who recently proposed to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency for life is doubtless the same who advocated keeping him in the White House "until the Panama Canal is completed."

Enacting the "Unwritten Law."

Lewis H. Machen, of Alexandria, Va., a member of the Virginia State senate, advocates, in the current number of the Independent, the enactment of the so-called unwritten law into the statutory code in order that juries may acquit, without violating their oaths, persons accused of homicide committed in revenge for a wrong upon the person of a woman. Mr. Machen assumes that "the common judgment of mankind fully justifies homicide committed when the provocation is the invasion of marital rights or an attack upon the virtue of the innocent;" that juries will not convict for murder done under such a provocation, but will ignore the law and the judge's charge and the sanctity of their own oaths; and that, because of this, reverence for the jury system is diminished and "the whole administration of criminal law falls under suspicion, if not reproach." Mr. Machen says:

"It is perfectly well understood throughout the civilized world that where a homicide is committed under the provocation of an attack upon the sanctity of the home there is no possibility of any considerable punishment. Yet comparatively few homicides result from such causes. In cases in which they do result officers of the law are frequently reluctant to prosecute; witnesses fail to remember or deliberately misstate facts; medical experts testify that the accused was the victim of emotional insanity which disappeared as soon as the cause was removed, and juries ignore the plainest instructions of the courts. The law suffers by being ignored or trampled upon, but the cause of morality is not advanced.

"Is it not time that lawmakers and judges were recognizing the fact that in such cases juries will invariably consider the sufficiency of the provocation, and, if, in their judgment, the provocation is sufficient they will find verdicts of acquittal? Would it not be wise, therefore, to give the jury the right to determine the adequacy of the provocation? It is a right which they do not hesitate to exercise. Would anything be lost to the cause of order by conceding this right to them as a matter of law?"

Mr. Machen therefore proposes a statute authorizing the jury to acquit where provocation is deemed sufficient to justify a crime committed in retaliation for a wrong upon the person of a woman. He points out that several States have taken steps in this direction, one of them, Texas, having made the killing of another by an aggrieved husband, under certain circumstances, a justifiable homicide. To the objection most frequently offered to such a statute as he proposes, that "men might be encouraged by such a law to kill persons upon slight suspicion," Mr Machen replies that "the statute suggested would be restricted in its application to cases in which the provocation shall have been proven to be real. Under such a statute no man would be permitted to act rashly upon mere suspicion or hearsay and claim justification. Such a claim is made in just such cases under the practice now prevailing." Mr. Machen points out that testimony showing provocation can now be admitted only by indirection or subterfuge, and when introduced cannot be rebutted by the State; whereas, if the provocation "were a matter which might be lawfully considered, the State would be permitted to show that in fact no such provocation existed."

It is not to be denied that Mr. Machen has made out a very good case for some modification of the practice of the courts in the trial of persons for crimes involving the protection of women. We should regard it, however, a more serious objection than any he has considered and answered that such a statute as he proposes would be a standing invitation to men aggrieved by crimes against women to constitute themselves judge, jury, and executioner, not only upon slight suspicion, but on all occasions. In effect, it is a statutory declaration that under given circumstances, not necessarily in defense against an overt act, murder may be properly committed, or, to use Mr. Machen's own language, that "certain things which the law brands as crimes may be done with impunity." We are forced to disagree with the view that such a declaration would make for public order and the good of society. The unwritten law, as we see it in practice, is scarcely more than a return to primitive instincts and the customs of savagery. It is based on a code of private vengeance that involves the surrender of every principle upon which civilized society is based. If we can no longer rely on the State for protection against and redress of public wrongs, we might as well confess civil governments a total failure. What we ought to do is not to write the "unwritten law" into our statute books, but to banish it from thought and action. There may be good reasons why a jury should be permitted to pass upon the provocation of a crime; but there are no reasons why a community should be brought up to trust in revolvers and shotguns instead of courts of justice and officers of the law. The one thing affects the procedure of the courts; the other the very foundations of civil order and criminal jurisprudence.

The way the critics are hammering Rudyard Kipling's latest poem must bring some consolation to Alfred Austin.

A Sound Statesman.

The Hon. Sam Will John, of the great and growing State of Alabama, is a statesman whose utterances arrest our most respectful attention. Endowed with a name at once suggestive of common sense and level-headedness, he has failed in no essential particular fully to measure up to the standard we fixed for him when first his striking and inspiring cognomen fell beneath our eagle eye.

Mr. John—Sam Will John—has furnished to the Alabama press an eminently sensible interview on the subject of the "pistol toter." He takes a position which we heartily indorse. The pernicious habit of pistol toting would be largely wiped out if the judges, in the exercise of their discretion, would impose penitentiary, or, in the Alabama vernacular, "chain-gang" sentences upon guilty persons, instead of fines, as is the almost universal custom at this time.

Under the laws of nearly if not quite all the States, the carrying of concealed weapons is a misdemeanor, and is, consequently, punishable, as a rule, by fine and imprisonment, or either—the matter being entirely within the prescribed judicial discretion of the presiding judge. Unfortunately, under the systems generally in vogue whereby court officials are paid fees rather than salaries, the disposition to fine, instead of imprison, is well marked and generally prevalent; a further custom, or series of precedents, rendering the infliction of both fine and imprisonment, in misdemeanor cases, the exception, and not at all the rule.

The carrying of concealed weapons is one of the greatest evils of the times. The practice ought to be stamped out, if possible. Fines affect the situation very little, but a certainty of imprisonment upon conviction would bring the "pistol toter" face to face with a very different situation. The suggestion of the Hon. Sam Will John, of the Alabama legislature, is timely and to the point. Alabama judges and judges of other States will do well to act upon it.

President Castro has a new fad. He is resigning every few days now, instead of dying.

When the governor of North Carolina meets the governor of South Carolina these days, the prescribed remark is, "It's a long time between sarsaparillas."

"There may be no plural to grapefruit, but what is the singular of caviare?" asks the New York Mail. Well, if you should order it and get the real article, that would be singular.

One of the Chicago city departments shows a surplus of 1 cent. That is about as much of a surplus as it is safe for a government department to acknowledge.

Nine years ago yesterday Admiral Dewey "Sundayed in Manila Bay," and paved the way for purchasing one of the most beautiful gold bricks this glorious country ever saw.

Former Senator Marion Butler has also seen a "conspiracy," though why a "conspiracy" should be caught loafing around in his vicinity is hard to understand.

A sylph-like Georgian weighing 540 pounds has ventured upon the sea of matrimony. If he isn't very careful, he will surely swamp the boat.

"Honest Living Counts" is a headline in the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. Of course, the article does not refer to the Boni de Castellane variety.

Just as we feared, that Chattanooga speech has caused some one to dig up that old and far-fetched "Hearst (Hearse)-Graves" near-joke.

It is to be presumed that the ticket scalpers will be rigidly ruled off the "Warpath" at Jamestown.

"Woman's head literally bursted from headache," says the Atlanta Journal. Literally, perhaps, but certainly not grammatically.

Col. Louis Isaula has been dismissed from the army of Honduras. This undoubtedly creates a tremendous vacancy in the army.

"Life is a Sahara," says the Nashville American. Knew this was true in Knoxville, but did not know that Nashville was talking that way yet.

It is announced that 5 per cent of the British baronets are bogus. There ought to be an international law compelling kingdoms to properly label their baronets, barons, dukes, counts, earls, and things.

Mr. W. T. Stead says he does not "think much" of Chicago. However, that "much" is doubtless more than Chicago thinks of Mr. Stead.

Remember, you "R" not supposed to indulge in the tempting bivalve again until September.

Mayor Schmitz says he expects to be "very particular" as to his associates in the future, which indicates that the said associates will not be.

"The steamship 'Atlantis' chased a whale ten miles, and was beaten," says the Buffalo Express. Undoubtedly this was Charleston's lost whale hurrying back home.

The editor of the esteemed Atlanta Journal has denounced the publisher of the equally esteemed Atlanta Georgian as a "common faker." The latter gentleman might vary the customary "You're another" by designating his denouncer as an "uncommon faker."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is reported to have designated some one recently as "a darned fool." But "Uncle Joe" is not "darned" a little mollycoddlish, as good, old-fashioned expletives go.

Mr. Bryan says his present weight is 234 pounds. A race between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft would be no feather-weight affair, in any sense of the words.

The Ohio State Journal is dreaming dreams of "peach cobbler and sich things." It's hard to awake from a dream of that kind, only to find the press reporting the peach crop all killed.

There are 131 holidays every year in Mexico. The life of the Mexican letter carrier and bank clerk must be one grand, sweet song.

Monarchies are ungrateful, as well as republics. Not long since Mr. Andrew Carnegie expressed the opinion that Emperor William is the greatest man in the world; and now the German Reichstag has severely denounced one of the "Laird's" speeches.

Should Be More Cautious.

From the Savannah News.

Spain is to rebuild her navy, an appropriation having been made for that purpose recently. As a piece of advice it might be well for the new navy to be more cautious next time in the tasks which it undertakes.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE LOCALE.

Brooks that sweetly babble,
Pretty birds that sing;
Nooks far from the rabble,
Where the creepers cling.
Sunbeams brightly dancing,
Over village greens.
Spring is quite entrancing—
In the magazines.

Flowers that shyly blossom,
Dotting o'er the loam,
Where the 'coon and 'possum,
Unmolested roam,
Lambkins blithe and merry
Led by rustic queens.
Spring's delightful, very,
In the magazines.

A Schemer.

"Johnny," inquired Mr. Nexdore, "why don't you do funny tricks like the Katzenjammer kids?"

"I can't think of nuthin'."

"Why don't you smash up your father's phonograph?"

They Go Together.

"Going to marry a girl of eighteen, is he?"

"Yes; he says he is seventy years young."

"And foolish?"

After the Ball.

When they got home the dawn was nigh,
And so was Papa Grimes.
Therefore he only said, "Good-by"
Some forty-seven times.

Nix.

"When you're dead broke and blue, doesn't it make you feel good to have a friend slap you on the back?"

"And tell you he's raking in $10,000 a year!"

Literally.

"Reginald," said Mrs. Vanderfeller, "little Sturtevant wants to back an opera company."

"Ah, the angel child!"

Very Likely.

"They say that Charles IX was slain by the fumes of a poisoned candle."

"That must have been the original dip of death."

"JUST FROM GEORGIA."

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The Best of All.

I.

She'll bake the bread, she'll wash the dishes,
She'll train the roses at the gate;
She's always what her old man's wish is—
"The best old woman in the State!"
(That's what he calls her—that's the plan—
An' she calls him "her dear old man!")

II.

You just should see the old place brighten
As little children 'round her throng.
How evermore she seems to lighten
The household labor with a song!
(Dear toiling hands, that make life's way
Sweeter than Love can sing or say!)

III.

So gently sweet—so sweetly human,
Duty and Love her only art;
To be a true, heart-helpful woman—
Loyal and loving—Love's sweetheart!
Tender and wise—to her 'tis given
To make earth's skies unfold Love's heaven!

"Truth for the Times."

You can't fool the angels by hollerin' hallelula.

Gabriel will have hard work to wake some of these sleeping sinners with his trumpet.

The fields will fulfill all their promises if you just keep the furrows straight.

Best way is to think you're married to this world and have taken it for better or worse.

Hard Work Ahead.

"Charity will have hard work in the next national campaign."

"How so?"

"She'll have to kiver so many Republicans and sinners!"

A Spring Note.

De violet's feelin' mighty blue.
De bee hides in de comb;
I wish dat blazin' sunflower
Would light Miss Springtime home!

"Dixie" Did It.

"I hope dat when the band plays 'Dixie' next Memorial Day, the old man won't fergit himself like he did last time."

"And how was that?"

"Why, he threw his hat and coat in the air, an' then unstrapped his wooden leg an' let her go, too—fallin' over an' breakin' his good leg!"

His Rising Day.

"He never did rise in the world till he stumbled over a lot of dynamite," the village gossip said, "an' even then, like so many men in the risin' business, he never did know what he riz fer!"

Old world rolls on and keeps her contract with the sun. It's only man who gets off in a little corner to growl at the universe.

We didn't expect frozen fruit in the spring bill of fare, and yet we blamed the blizzard for putting it on!

Well Deserved Success.

From Views.

Views cannot refrain from paying tribute to its enterprising contemporary, The Washington Herald, for the successful manner in which it is steadily winning its way to public favor. Its handsome typographical appearance and compact make-up also practically illustrate that Mr. Scott C. Bone, its brainy editor, well understands the art of publishing a newspaper which, while only containing clean reading matter, is nevertheless always exceptionally newsy. Hence we opine that not many moons will elapse before some of our merchants who have not yet advertised in its columns will awake to the realization that they are losing golden opportunities.

Not a Matter for Experiment.

From the Youth's Companion.

A young man who had inherited a large fortune from a rich but very economical relative decided to live on a scale commensurate with his greatly increased income, and was making arrangements to build a fine mansion, buy an automobile, and invest in other expensive luxuries, when an elderly friend who had always been one of his advisers undertook to remonstrate with him. "What's this I hear about your squandering the money your uncle left you, Harry?" said the elderly friend.

"I am not going to squander it," he answered, "but I'm going to get some good out of it."

"It's enough to make him turn over in his grave. Didn't your uncle prove in his own case that a man could live on a personal expenditure of less than one thousand dollars a year?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well, he proved it so thoroughly that I accept it as demonstrated. What is the use of my continuing the experiment?"

MEN AND THINGS.

A Mysterious Illness.

The Arkansas legislature is getting worked up over the mystery surrounding the illness of the new governor, John L. Little, who resigned a seat in Congress last winter to accept the governorship in January. A resolution is pending before the solons at Little Rock for the appointment of a special committee to inquire into the condition of Gov. Little and report to the legislature, to the end that before adjournment measures may be adopted "to relieve the gubernatorial situation." Soon after his inauguration, Gov. Little fell sick and was conveyed to Corpus Christi, Tex., for treatment in a sanatorium. There he has been ever since, and the reports concerning his condition are conflicting. Nobody seems to know what his ailment is, or how long he will be kept away from his post. While out of the State he cannot transact any official business, although, of course, his salary goes on. The legislature cannot declare his office vacant as long as his attending physicians say he is too ill to discharge its duties. The case is creating great excitement all over Arkansas, and all sorts of rumore are afloat.

Kerens' Latest Scheme.

According to cable advices from Rome, Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis, who is now sojourning in the Eternal City with his family, desires to assist in financing a scheme whereby the grounds of the Vatican can be extended to the Mediterrannean by the purchase of a strip of land sixty-five miles long, and thus relieve the holy father of the chief objection he has to imprisonment in the vast confines of the Vatican. Col. Kerens appears to have lost interest in politics since his defeat for the Senate in Missouri after the Republicans carried that State in 1904, and it is said that he intends to devote to the church the attention and money he formerly gave to politics. For several years he was the Missouri member of the Republican National Committee, and was prominent in all party affairs. He is a thoroughly self-made man. An Irishman by birth, he came to this country early in life, and after the usual hardships established a livery business at Fort Smith, Ark. Always a Republican, he shared in the profits of the mail and star-route contracts in the Southwest, and by this means laid the foundation for his present enormous fortune. He was one of the chief promoters of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, now affiliated with the Rock Island system, and was for many years one of the controlling factors in that property. He has been associated with Senator Elkins in many large business ventures, and from these has added greatly to his wealth. Col. Kerens and Archbishop Ireland are great friends, and it is said the Missourian is one of the distinguished prelate's most ardent supporters for promotion to the cardinalate.

Both Reynoldses Busy.

There are two James B. Reynoldses intimately connected with the administration, and, although unlike in looks, temperament, and manners as any two white men imaginable, their identity is constantly becoming confused in the public mind. One of them is a Massachusetts man and is an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The other is a rich New Yorker of philanthropic tendencies, and has been frequently intrusted by the President with important work for the government. It was he, who, in association with Labor Commissioner Neill, investigated for the President the Chicago packing houses after Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" had fallen under the Presidential eye. He also has done other similar work at the President's direction, although he has never been regularly appointed to office of any kind. What compensation he draws or has drawn from the Treasury for the varied work assigned him by the President is not known. The publication of the Republican expenditures in the New York campaign last year shows that he drew from the treasurer of the State committee $5,500 for political work. He is now quietly sounding the voters of the Empire State on the next Republican candidate for President, at whose behest or direction is not known. It is understood, however, that he is a third-termer, with Secretary Taft as second choice, or residuary legatee.

The other James B. Reynolds makes frequent trips to Massachusetts and through New England on official business, and, while traveling about, naturally meets many politicians with whom he discusses the Presidential succession. He reports his findings and conclusions on this interesting topic to his chief in the Treasury Department, and from Mr. Cortelyou's lips they find their way into the Presidential ear.

Mail Carriers.

The oldest mail carrier, James Delaney, is in the service of the New York post-office, and the youngest, John Duvrey, is at Tonopah, Nev. Delaney has had fifty years' service, and is now eighty-three. He plans to take two months' vacation this summer, and then resign. Duvrey can neither read nor write, but the postmaster at Tonopah was compelled to accept his application because the salary paid is too small to tempt other men in that region to enter the postal service. He compares the figures on the letters intrusted to him with the numbering on the houses on his route, and, by this means, manages to render acceptable service. He is less than twenty years old, and is now going to night school in order to fit himself better for the discharge of his duties. Moreover, Duvrey is a Frenchman who has not yet been naturalized. The aged New York mail carrier, whose record is excellent, and, in point of longevity, exceeds that of anybody ever connected with the free delivery service, will get no pension when he retires.

Pronunciation in England.

From the London Spectator.

There is a village in North Devon which the sign posts call Wolfardisworthy, but which we have heard pronounced "Woolsterthy." Very likely, however, if you went there and pronounced it so you would be reproved for the contraction.

This was what happened to us at Cirencester. Passing through that town we were solemnly corrected for calling it "Cicester." On the other hand, when wandering in Norfolk and drawing nigh to a place which was marked on the map "Happisburgh," we found ourselves quite unintelligible because we did not pronounce it "Hazebro."

Even in English the difference between sight and sound is confined to a small minority of words, though some people seem to be of the same opinion as a young Hanoverian lady of our acquaintance, who naively remarked: "You English do pronounce so strangely. There is your great author; you spell him Dickens, and you pronounce him 'Boz.'"

The Two Highwaymen.

I long have had a quarrel set with Time
Because he robbed me. Every day of life
Was wrested from me after bitter strife;
I never yet could see the sun go down
But I was angry in my heart, not hear
The leaves fall in the wind without a tear
Over the dying summer. I have known
No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.
The fair world is the witness of a crime
Repeated every hour. For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly
The voices of these robbers of the heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by.
What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?
What have we done to Death that we must die?
—Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, in Chicago Evening Post.

NEW YORK RABBLES.

A Southern View of Their Dissimilarity to Mobs in the South.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

As a rule the New York mob may be described as a large body of excited persons unable to screw their courage to the sticking point. A woman is insulted in a street car—perhaps struck in the face by a negro—a mob immediately forms. In its proportions it is vast, and in its intentions bloody. It is dispersed by "a policeman who arrived upon the scene just in time, and bravely beat back a surging mass of men and boys who had been crying 'lynch the nigger,' and would doubtless have strung him up to the nearest telegraph pole."

A baby is crushed by a truck. A mob forms to kill the driver—just as if he had drawn a bead upon the baby at the other end of the block and killed it as he would a mad dog—and heaps curses upon him in angry and excited tones until two policemen come up and restore order.

The near-lynchings in New York are as the sands of the sea, and the near-mob is more terrible than an army with banners until a "copper" with the might of Cyrano and D'Artagnan combined with the modesty of a stevedore calmly pushes the infuriated populace out of the way, and calls an ambulance. As a rule the New York mob may be counted upon as going on record against brutality rather than to commit any act of violence—and that is fortunate in any civilized community. But a mob with more courage and less sense than the average New York mob committed an atrocious crime when it almost killed a motorman because his car ran over a boy.

The car was coming down Franklyn avenue, Brooklyn, when a boy ran in front of it. The motorman apparently had no time in which to stop it. The boy's head was severed. If a skyscraper had fallen upon him it would have been as logical to mob the janitor as it was to drag the motorman off his platform and beat him into insensibility.

Mobs in the South have committed many inexcusable murders, but the "hot blood of the South" stirs in the veins of men who have at least some sense of justice. Many negroes and a few white men have been lynched when the law should have been allowed to take its course, but victims of mob vengeance are almost always criminals who richly deserve the infliction of the death penalty, and the crime of the lynchers is not of murdering an innocent victim of popular rage, but that of killing by lawless methods a man who should be killed by law. There is no defense within the bounds of sanity for lynching any criminal, but, to the credit of even this vicious and lawless element in the South be it said, it would hardly be possible to incite a mob in the South to murder a motorman for the crime of being unable to stop a car in time to prevent a tragedy for which no man in his right mind could hold him morally responsible.

Will the courts of New York convict any one for murder if the motorman dies or send any one to Sing Sing if he recovers? If they do not make a vigorous attempt to do so the spectacle of an alarming state of barbarism existing in our chief center of civilization will be presented.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Man Who Owes $1 Poll Tax May Stay in for Life.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

People who call this an age of maudlin sentimentality will find little proof of their charge in a certain county of New Jersey. The officials there do not condone crime, or coddle the criminal. Just now they have a prisoner in their county jail who bids fair to stay there for life. His crime is inability to pay the $1 poll tax that the county exacts. Added to this are the costs of the delinquency, $1.75 more. The delinquent was arrested last August and imprisoned according to the New Jersey statutes. The section of the law under which he is imprisoned provides that the tax delinquent must remain in jail until he pays his debt to the State. The present delinquent, a crippled negro, has been incarcerated since August 25. As he had no money when arrested, and has had no means of earning any since, it looks very much as if he would remain in prison for life, unless somebody takes enough interest in the man and his case to give him the tax and costs.

The folly of making a man a public charge because of his inability to pay the small tax demanded should be apparent to all good citizens—more especially those upon whom the burden is saddled. No doubt the county officials would claim that their course is strictly in accordance with the law. There the law is an unjust one—as are all laws that class poverty as a crime.

FRUIT AND FROGS.

Atlanta Georgian: The Houston strawberry-Potomac shad controversy could have had the quietus put on it, if frost had not nipped the Georgia Elberta.

Rochester Herald: "What is the frog, anyhow?" asks The Washington Herald. Shucks! Where were you when Secretary Shaw ruled that the frog is a chicken?

Charleston News and Courier: The Washington Herald reports that the blackberry crop of the South will be a failure. True, the blackberries are turning blue at the reports from the peach crop.

New York Mail: We hereby defy The Washington Herald, whose quest of the golden plural of grapefruit has ended, to discover, when the season opens, the plural of one good cantaloupe. The singular is elusive enough. Heav'n-noze!

Kansas City Journal: The New York World is still wrestling with the problem, "What is a Democrat?" and now comes The Washington Herald with "What is the Frog, Anyhow?" Perhaps the same answer will suffice for both: a croaker.

Houston Post: It sorely grieves the Post to see strawberries as big as ping-pong balls offered in the city at four quarts for two-bits when the poor inhabitants of Washington are compelled to pay 50 cents a quart for those measly South Carolina berries.

Augusta Chronicle: The Washington Herald is much disturbed at the decision of the Cabinet officials. Mr. Shaw ruled that frog's legs were dressed poultry and now Mr. Cortelyou rules that frog skins are leather, and The Herald wants a further investigation into the genus frog.

Bristol Herald-Courier: The country will forget all about the discussion between The Washington Herald and the Houston Post, as to the comparative merits of the Potomac River shad roe and the Texas strawberry, when the Georgia watermelon busts into the market.

Cleveland Leader: If the Houston Post and The Washington Herald ever finish their bitter fight as to the relative merits of strawberries and shad, we propose to start something with the Skagway Alaskan on the question whether bullfrogs are a greater boon to mankind than 3-cent fares.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Sam Houston licked Santa Anna, established the independence of Texas, and left a more or less immortal name to Houston, Tex., and Houston street, New York. Houston is where the principal diet at this season is strawberries at 5 cents a quart. The Houston Post says so. Washington Herald please write.

AT THE HOTELS.

"I was chatting in one of our Chicago clubs not long since with two of the leading business men of the town about the tremendous changes that we three had seen in the past twenty-five years of our residence there," said Mr. J. B. Worley, of the Illinois metropolis, at the New Willard.

"One of my friends remarked that it had not been so many years ago since he was able to enumerate every woman in Chicago who was the owner of a sealskin coat. He was at one time a heavy dealer in furs and in his early business career there were not so many of our ladies who were able to buy seal garments. To-day there is a legion of such.

"The other friend then said that less than a quarter of a century ago he could sit in the club window and identify the owner of every stylish-looking carriage or other vehicle that came rolling past, from the appearance of the turnout itself, but that no such identification was longer possible. Then we got to talking about the vast increase in the number of our rich men and the almost incredible increase in the expenditures of the wealthy. There was a time, not so long ago, when a man who spent $20,000 a year on his family was thought to be a very high liver, and yet nowadays that is too modest a sum to mention. There are any number of Chicago men whose living expenses aggregate $40,000 to $50,000 a year, and many of these do not figure as among the very rich."

Hon. Joseph B. Kealing, attorney general of Indiana, got back to Washington last night. He has about finished his work in the proceedings against the drug trust. The trust apparently thinks discretion the better part of valor, and surrenders to Uncle Sam, as represented by Mr. Kealing. In other words, it will go out of the trust business and stay out. Attorney General Kealing is a big man of kindly ways and greatly liked. He knows Hoosier politics as well as any citizen living, and yet he does not give out his information to be put in type, as he abhors being quoted in the first person.

Congressman W. Burd Cassel, of Pennsylvania, paced the Shoreham lobby last evening, apparently in as pleasant a frame of mind and as free from worry as though the Philadelphia newspapers were not pouring hot shot into him, day after day, because he sold metal file cases for the use of the new Statehouse at Harrisburg. In conversation with a Herald reporter, Mr. Cassel said:

"The charges that have been made against me and my associates in business have been fully answered at every point. The virulent attacks of the Philadelphia papers have been so extreme that they do not appeal to reasonable men. Why, one of them charged us with looting to the extent of $1,500,000, whereas our contract called for the expenditure of only that sum, and as we furnished the goods it seems absurd to say that we were grafters to the extent of the whole purchase money. It is no doubt true that some of the things that went into the new capitol were paid for at a very exorbitant price, but when a general average is struck there has been no excessive waste of money. The people of Pennsylvania have the finest, most magnificently equipped legislative building in the United States, and probably in the world, and yet the press has gone to such lengths of denunciation as to make out every one a grafter who had anything to do with the building."

The State of New Jersey was splendidly represented at the Arlington Hotel last evening, it being the headquarters of the chief executive of that Commonwealth, Hon. Edward C. Stokes, and his staff of twenty-eight very imposing looking men. The Jersey visitors are here to do honor to the memory of Gen. McClellan by being present at the unveiling of his statue.

"The Jamestown Exposition is going to be a great success inside of sixty days," said Commissioner Mitchell, who represents the State of Georgia at that celebration, to a Herald reporter at the Raleigh.

"It will take that time for the completion of the project and to get things in smooth running order. But when the finishing touches shall have been put on it is going to be a place of extraordinary attractions, well worth the patronage of every man and woman in the nation. By that time all the hitches and unavoidable mishaps incident to a premature opening will have been forgiven and forgotten, and people in great crowds will flock there from every quarter of the country."

"Col. James Hamilton Lewis lost his job as corporation counsel when Mayor Dunne was defeated for re-election, but the eloquent and popular little man will land on his feet all right," said Mr. R. J. Murphy, of Chicago, at the Raleigh.

"I heard before leaving home that Lewis would probably enter one of the strongest legal firms of Chicago, and that he had been the recipient of more than one good offer. He is a man whom adversity cannot down, for he has not only that amiability of disposition that causes men to like him, but he has first-rate ability. Any of his profession will tell you that Lewis is a first-rate lawyer. But his forte, after all, is politics, and if ever the old Democratic party gets in the saddle again you will see 'Jim Ham' cutting a big figure."

"The presence of three officers of the Haitian army in an uptown hotel yesterday was the subject of a good deal of comment on the part of the regular guests of that hostelry. Two of the foreigners were of yellow hue, but the third, a colonel, was as black as the ace of spades. The trio came up from the Jamestown Exposition, where they were the guests of the nation. Evidently they did not know of any drawing of racial lines in this country, for they penned their names upon the hotel register with serene confidence of being entertained, and acted with as much sang froid as though on their native heath.

"It went bitterly against the grain with me to take those fellows in, even if they were in uniform and jabbered French," said one of the hotel clerks to a Herald reporter. "I was given to understand that we dared not turn them down, because they had come here on the invitation of the United States government, and maybe a refusal to entertain them would get us in trouble. But, mind you, if I owned a hotel of my own they would have gone elsewhere, for every room in my house would have been occupied when they asked accommodations.

"You see, we do not take our own colored people for guests, and since it occurs to me that the colored people of this country are every bit as good as those of Haiti, I do not see why we should discriminate in favor of the outsiders."

A Queer Scrapbook.

Probably the oddest scrapbook in New England is that of William F. Fernald, of Old Orchard, Me.

It is devoted exclusively to newspaper notices of appendicitis case. Mr. Fernald figured in an operation himself, and it was a fellow-feeling for the rest of the appendicitis legion which made him commence to collect clippings.

"A while ago," he said to a Boston Herald man, "I talked of organzing an appendicitis club in Maine, its members to be composed of persons who have been under the knife. A number of persons to whom I mentioned the project approved, but I didn't get around to carrying it into excution. I think I shall revive the scheme."